

D **C#/D** **B/D** **A/D**
 And the wind will blow what remains of me,
 G **D**
 And the hills will take me in.
 G **A** **D** **Bm**
 The rain will water the ground I cover
 G **Em** **A**
 To make new life begin.

By spring she was gone, he walked out alone,
 And true to his promise he proved.
 He scattered them high, gave her up to the sky
 And back to the hills that she loved.
 A slow season passed, he walked out at last
 Where he first set her free on the height.
 When he looked all around, they were not to be found –
 No poppies, no red blooms in sight

For the breeze had carried her far, far away
 And the seeds had blown on the wind.
 Time had taken the love of his life,
 And now he had lost her again.

Oh, time is a healer, time passes on
 He passed time alone in his pain.
 When the season was near to spring the next year
 He set out for the hills once again.
 Far from familiar places he passed
 To the next valley on he did roam.
 As he crested the height, there came into sight --
 A thousand red poppies in bloom –

D **C#/D** **B/D** **A/D**
 For the wind had carried his love far away
 G **D**
 To a place they had both never been.
 G **A** **D** **Bm**
 He knew he had found in this bright holy ground
 G **A** **D** **Bm**
 The place that a new life would bloom and begin –
 G **A** **D**
 Where a new life could bloom and begin.